IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT WANTS " FOR THE WORLD.

EVERY MUTUAL DISTRICT CALL BOX CAN CHARGE WILL BE MADE FOR

MESSENGER SERVICE. All Messenger Boys of the Mutual Dis

trict Co. are Provided with Rate Cards and will take WORLD Admat Office Prices LOCATION OF Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

CONCERNING JURIES.

In the Constitutional Convention of Montana a proposition has been made to apolish trial by jury "as a relic of barbarism." Of course it will not be adopted, because by such an action it would deprive itself of Statehood. The introduction of such a proposition merely shows what ridiculous fellows are sometimes intrusted with the serious business of constitution making.

In North Dakota there is under discussion a question concerning juries which finds many warm supporters throughout the country of the affirmative. It provides for the rendering of a verdict by a jury when threefourths of its members agree, instead of requiring a unanimous agreement, as is now the universal law. This would surely deprive the obstinate or corrupt juror of the great power by which there has been so many miscauriages of justice.

Whether a departure from the time honored rule of unanimity would result beneficially or the reverse in the administra tion of justice is problematical; but in view of the manifest disadvantages oftentimes experienced by reason of the obstinacy, or worse, of one juror holding out against all reason against the others it might be well to have the experiment tried in one of the new States. It is a question worthy the careful consideration of the North Dakota Solons.

EXPLOSION NUMBER THREE.

Again there has been an upheaval on Broad way, caused by an explosion in a subway. This is the third explosion on that street within a short space of time. The first was at the corner of Twenty-third street and the last at the corner of Twentieth street. This would seem to indicate that in that vicinity there is a volume of gases escaping which threatens death to frequenters thereof. It is remarkable that no one has been seriously injured by these eruptions.

How long are people's lives to be thus menaced? Isn't it about time for something to be done beside talk and theorizing regarding these volcanic disturbances? What corporations are responsible for these leaky

SHE VALUES THEM HIGHLY.

Mme. Diss Disan, whose creditors are frying to collect debts she owes them, gave an inventory of her belongings yesterday while being examined in supplementary proceedings. Her collection of "spook" pictures she values at \$20,000. It is not probable that her creditors will place the same exaggerated value upon those daubs-which the spirits would disclaim if given half a chance.

That was a very touching admission she Suade-when she said that she had now no assared source of income. It does look as good: Charles J. Steiner, 25c.; A. O. Farrell, though her occupation was gone. But let | 10c.; Mr. McGinley, 25c.; Julius Proett, 25c. not the priestoss repme. There's many a F. Warnken, 15c.: Humans, 10c.: Charles woman in this city that makes an honest hy- King, 25c.; S. Elsmer, 10c.; B. McPolan. ing doing washing. To be sure such work takes the spirit out of a female, but that would do the DES DEBAR much good,

WORLDL ICT.

Chip of the interesting exhibit. in the crystal department of the French Exposition is an Fund, sent by one little three-year-old daughtenormous glass bubble, capable of holding nine ter, Ruthie F. Rossiter. asks of wine. It has never been equalled in the history of glass blowing.

Arthur McClellan, a brother of the famou General, is engaged in business at Drifton, Pa. He is about fifty years old, of medium height and was a Major in the late war. He is an in veterate horseman,

Miss Anita McCormick, of Chicago, who, it is reported, is engaged to Emmons Blaine, has a

fortune of \$2,000,000 in her own right. A cat's-eye weighing 170 carats and by all odds the most valuable stone of the kind in the world, has recently been brought from India to London. It was sold by the workman who

Disappointment for Onc. At a grand party, Mr. Bloodgood, to Miss

found it for 30 rupees, but is valued now at a

thousand times as much.

Rames, from the country—May I have the ure of escorting you into the conserva-

THEIR RESCUE.

The Free Doctors Working Wonders Among the Poor.

They Have Saved Many Little Lives by Their Timely Aid.

Numerous Hearts Made Happy by Gifts of Clothing.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS

THE EVENING WORLD. imployees of Goldsmith & Plant. Kansas City man. Haslacher.... Old maids. Morris Flek Cash Lulu Hatch H. M. H. Ray Matthews Allie Smith. In Memory of Bernie D. Reilly. Brooklyn Girl. Nellie Seeney Louis and Alfred Charlie and Frankie Howard, Mrs. F. E. Howard, A Friend of Children Bertie, Hoffman

For Some Poor Little Soul. Bless your great, big, generous heart, Nell Nelson. You are a noble woman, as brave as noble, as charitable as brave. Please give the inclosed to some poor little soul, and believe me, yours very truly,

Mrs. John Rossiter

"Sympathizer's" Mite. Miss Nelson; Accept this mite for the poor little tables you write about in The EVENING WORLD, I wish it were in my power to send a hundred times as much as I do.

Sends All He Has

To the Editor of The Exercise World I have been reading about the poor sick children. I feel very sorry to know they have so few comforts. I send what change I have, hoping it will do some good. It is only 25 cents, but every little belos.

BERTIE HOFFMAN. New Brighton, S. I.

A SYMPATRIZER.

The Children's Mites. Inclosed please find our mite for the Free Doctors' Fund.

CHARLIE HOWARD, 12 years, FRANKIE HOWARD, 2 years.

Good Wishes That Are Appreciated. To the Editor of The Ecentary World: Inclosed you will find \$1; use it for th

benefit of poor children. I would like to shake your honest hand.

A FRIEND OF CHILDREN Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth Street. o the Editor of The Ecening World Inclosed please find \$1 for the Babies

Fund. Kindly inform me to what address I can send some infants' underwear for distribution and oblige ROSETTA.

A Generous Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed please find \$52 from employees of Goldsmith & Plant. Trusting that this may be the means of saving some lives of unfortunate little ones we wish you success in your undertaking.

EMPLOYEES OF GOLDSMITH & PLAUT.

Only an Instalment. To the Editor of The Evening World

Inclosed please fined \$2 as a contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope to send more next month.

From Two Little Nephews. to the Editor of The Ecening World:

Inclosed please find and accept one dollar for the poor sick babies, as coming from my two dear little nephews, Witbur and Harold.

OLD MAID. From a Brooklyn Girl. To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies'

Fund. I wish I could give more. A BROOKLYN GIRL

Another Brooklyn Contributor. To the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed please find 25 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. M. H. HARRIS,

412 South Sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Little Boy's Good Work. To the Editor of The Evening World.

The inclosed was collected by Frankie Smith in two days for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will do some 10c.; A. Shiffer, 5c.; G. Gone, 10c.; Mrs. M. Shaver, 10c.; F. Seidel, 25c,; F. L. Brenen,

10c.: H. Archer, 25c. Total, \$2.40. FRANKIE SMITH.

From Baby Ruthie. Tathe Editor of the Exening World : Inclosed please find \$2 for the Sick Babies'

> MRS. JOHN ROSSITER New Canaan, Conn.

Sent All Their Pennies.

To the Editor of The Evening World. I send all my pennies for the sick babies, Wish it was more. Louis F. R. B. From my brother Alfred, 15; Louis, 26.

Dollars Count. roths Editor of The Evening World:
Please accept the inclosed one dollar for

Sick Babies' Fund. W. B. G. Accepted With Thanks. To the Editor of The Evening World:

A FRIEND, A Little Girl's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Collected by Allie Smith for The Evening Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt the Recipients. WORLD's Sick Babies' Fund, with wishes that this little mite will benefit some of the sick Eames (eagerly)—Certainly, Mr. this little mite will benefit some of the sick babies: Waldimies, 25c.; Sister Georgia, Sc.; Vincent Salamon, Sc.; Friend, 10c.; E. Dr. Hunt, and he's married. He deserved Money Travelle Gondard Briog 25c.

10c.; from Mrs. H., for little Allie Smith, 60c, -total \$9.95

ALLIE SMITH (aged seven years), One Hundred and Fortieth street.

Part of Her First Earnings. To the Editor of The Evening World; Inclosed please find 50 cents, part of my first earnings, for the sick babies. I wish I was able to send more.

A Substitute for Fish Stories. To the Editor of The Evening World

Inclosed find \$1 for the sick babies. I cannot get my three or four "fish stories" recognized, and I send this as an apology for bothering you with them.

A Doubly Valuable Gift.

To the Editor of The Evening World .
Inclused you will find some stockings, as Miss Nelson requested. I hope little Susie D. will like them. If she is provided for, please give them to some other child. I would have liked to send them right off, but being a laundress my time is limited. Please find also 50 cents to give some poor children on your way. I think the Lord will surely remember the good doctors and Miss Nelson. MARIE FLEE.

A Case of Self-Denial.

To the Editor of The Econing World: Inclosed please find 50 cents in aid of the Free Doctors' Fund. I have saved it for some time and would have had a good time spending it at Coney Island or Rockaway, but reading your paper every evening, and noting so much misery among the sick and poor children, I thought to send the money to you, so some poor child could have a good time. I will try to save some more money, and if I do I will send it to you later.

SAMUEL HABLACHER.

Found He Could Afford More. Please find inclosed #1 for Sick Babies' Fund. Wish it was \$100 instead of \$1. Suc-

cess to you and Nell Nelson. A KANSAS CITY MAN. P. S.-I find I can make it \$2 in place of one, so here is the other.

Collected by a Child,

to the Editor of The Evening World I am a little girl five years old. I heard my namina read about the Sick Babies' Fund, and thought I would like to help, so went among my friends and collected #3, which I send, hoping it may do some good among the sick babies in New York, I am their little friend, Lulu Hatch, Rutherford, N. J.

Mr. Jacobs Louns His Theatre for a Benefit. Mr. H. R. Jacobs has donated, free of charge, the Third Avenue Theatre for Saturday evening, Aug. 3, for a benefit to be tendered in aid of your Sick Babies' Fund, and we can only hope that it will prove a gigantic success. It is a good cause, and you deserve credit for starting it. Truly yours,

Manager for H. R. Jacobs. Following is the programme: Grand Musical and Literary Entertainment

M. A. EDWARDS.

Novelty Quarter,
at the
H. R. Jacobs' Thind Avenue Theatre,
Third avenue and Thirty-first street,
Saturday Evening, August 3, 1889.
Proceeds for the Benefit

EVENING WORLD SICK BABIES FUND The Following Array of Talent
Will Appear:
Geo. H. Richardson, Percy J. Knaop, Lilie
Randell, Sadie M. Elmendorf, J. F. Kelly, Chax.
Devide, Harry Holsten, David H. Seully, J. B.
R. Fiske, Dare O'Connor, P. Richardson,
White Bross, Gillett & Boertlein, Dr. Theo, D.
C. Miller, M. K. Faimer and J. D. Lester.

Reserved Sents 25 cents extra. Doors open at 7, 15 o'clock. Performance begins at 8 o'clock.

In Memory of Bernie.

To the Editor of The Eventny World: Inclosed please find \$2 in aid of THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Doctor Fund. So noble and whole-gouled a charity cannot be too highly commended nor too strongly encouraged, and only those can fully appreciate the great good you are doing whose personal experience in misfortune has shown them the value of medical sid, and how severe and hard it must be upon those poor parents who see their offspring sickening and dying away and cannot afford to apply any relief. Please credit this IN MEMORY OF BERNIE.

He Gave Up His Goat.

o the Editor of The Evening World:

I had a dollar saved to buy a goat, but dad said I would better give it to the poor sick children through THE EVENING WORLD. He said we should five for the good we can do, and if I did not grow up that way he would knock me out in half a round. He said further that any one who lacked sympathy for the innocent little toddlers should go away off to some desert island and hang themselves. I would much sooner have a healthy goat than a sick baby, but whatdad says goes, and I don't want to be knocked

out at eight years of age. CHARLES DAVITT REILLY.

Half of Papa's Present.

To the Editor of The Econolis World:
Please find inclosed 29 cents for the sick babies, which is half of what my papa gave me for my bank. SEVENTEEN-MONTHS-OLD HARRY.

Wishes for Success.

in the Editor of The Eccurry World : Inclosed please find \$1 for the Babies' Free

Doctor Fund. I wish you great success in your undertaking. Lorrie V. B. From a Good Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am five years old. Some say I am a good boy; any way, I feel good enough to ask my pon to send \$1 towards beloing the poor little children. I hope it may do some good. RAY MATTHEWS.

Sympathizes with the Bables.

Inclosed please find 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will do some good. It is very kind of you to pay so much attention to the sick babies, and I wish you every A BROOKLYN GIRL.

Thanks; Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-Fifth Street.
In the Editor of The Exeming World:

Yours is a noble work, may God bless you for it. I wish it were \$25 instead of \$1. I Inclosed find one dollar for The Babics' will send night dresses of baby if you will tell me how to send them. MOTHER.

POOR MOTHERS' BLESSINGS.

of Many.

In the whole course of my life I never got so many kisses as I did yesterday. Nor did

Eifert, 25c.; Mrs. W. McClelland, 50c.; A all his, though, for the loving, ministering Friend, 10c.: Gentleman, 25c.: A. O'Farrel, care bestowed on the suffering and helpless little ones. The rest belonged to those good ladies who have contributed to THE EVENING her three new dimes, which will butter

Wonte's fund the odd hundred packages of baby clothes.

It was 10,30 o'clock and boiling hot when we turned into Goerck street. The doctor had a bag filled with bandages, balms, powders, cintments and instruments, and in my satchel were ten cakes of soap, twenty little woollen shirts, twenty pairs of baby socks, nine short dresses, seven flanuel petticoats, fifteen waist bands and forty-six slips-not muslin, either but fine white dimity, all daintily trimmed with lace and embroidery, and many of them fragrant with the scent of lavender. It was no wonder the noor mothers went when they received them, or that the other children fought in fun "for a smell" for such snowy, pretty dresses, such soft, white shirts -not much bigger than a gentle man's cuff-and such gay little boots with

ment-house before. Dr. Hunt is a man of method. He under stands his work and comprehends his field. If I don't mind we will begin on the top floor, he says, and work down. It's agreeable to rue, and he gets out his match safe to

cords and tassels were never seen in a tene-

light the way through dark passages. The first stop is made at 66 Goerck street, There is crape on the ball door. The little children touch it with their finger as they on a bed in a close room, without light or pass, and one small girl, with the sunshine in her hair and a bit of heaven's blue in her where the old, white haired mother is washeyes, is trying the effect of the white pall against the face of a veteran doll, as armless as the Venus de Milo, and nothing like as good looking.

On the top floor in the rear kitchen is the little flower-maker has turned a ruche of the poor render one another, their miseries could not be endured. Kind friends have every available space is filled with wet or sent in some breakfast to the sorrowing parents, and willing hands have brightened the cooking-stove and scoured the little floor and made the place of death beautiful

cough the most." She tells him about the green cabbage they had for dinner, and the happy way the little toddler ran about the to look at the smiling face under the coffinlid. The young husband sits in a corner with his face between his hands, and the soft light of the burning tapers mocks the sunbeams that steal in through the folded blinds,

On the floor below a Polish mother is found middle room, ventilated by a hall window eighteen inches square, and the place is so recovery and make her believe that some one dark that it is impossible to distinguish her features.

Two beds fill the miserable apartment, leaving barely room enough for the doctor to move about. There are three children in the family, the eldest cleven years of age, and an the kitchen floor, is giving them their mornclean, but thin, pale and quiet-too quiet for any healthy, happy child to be.

" Only God knows how the poor live," the mother says. " My husband is too sick to work. He sells matches on the street and at night, after a hard day-and there are many such he has to beg, for our children must be fed and the rent paid."

The doctor gives her a prescription and we make her a broth-the first outlay of "Sym-

pathizer's" gift. Excursion tickets are filled out for four baby girls on the same floor, and in the flat sixteen months, whose chances of life are not of the best. The doctor quiets the little creature with a powder, two prescriptions are written out and he gives our last box of Wagper's nutriment to the grandmother to prepare. We fit the child out with the nicest suit of clothes it has ever had, and both

women kiss our hands and arms as we leave. A gentleman by the name of Vincent, aged eighteen months, received us astride a washtub. Poor Vin is a foundling, but even that class of society has its use, for the foster mother receives \$10 a month for nursing him, and with that sum the rent is paid and \$3 worth of creative comforts provided for the husband and wife. The mother has gone out to wash and the husband, who can get no employment, is giving Vin his daily bath. The poor fellow is covered with rash, for which vaseline is prescribed. Begging his acceptance of that nice piece of cuticura soap some girl sen me, we take our de-

parture. A little family of Austrians, mother, daughter and grauddaughter, the latter not yet two years old, a resident of this miserable world, occupy a suit of rooms in which everything, even the air, seems black. The child has Summer complaint and only one garment. We fit her with two pretty dresses, two skirts, three flannel shirts and two pairs

of socks. " For me?" asks the mother.

"To be sure."

"You give them to me?" " Most heartily."

"But-but nobody ever gives us anything and these are new clothes, never worn," She smiles as she looks at the silk scallops embroidered about the petticoats. Then laughs a little, and burying her thin face in the soft garment, begins to cry. Her tears move the old mother, I blubber outright and the doctor gets a coughing fit. The poor women press their colorless lips to our hands and when we leave the tiny girl is making a

lunch off the corner of an excursion ticket, In exchange for twenty broken suits of baby clothes we carry away twice as many blessings, any one of which is pay enough for the wearisome journey up and down rickety stairways and the unpleasant surroundings through which a doctor has to pass.

It was not an unusual thing to lay a cake of soap near a nursing mother and find the youngster cating it the next moment, an operation that gave the family no reason for alarm.

Once we placed an open box of diamond soap on a table, and while the doctor bandaged the infant's knee, an elder sister helped herself to a slice of black bread and proceeded to spread it with the ane white soap. Her disappointment when told that it was not butter and would not taste good

was painful; and when she said there was "never any butter," I presumed on the generosity of "Sympathizer" and gave

her bread for a week to come. Good sweet milk was bought for five famishing babies out of "Sympathizer's" fund, all of them sick and all too poor to get nourishment in any other way. One tiny infant that had been fed on black coffee was so nervous that it was painful to look at it. A quart of milk was sent for, which the doctor heated over the fire and fed to the little one. Gusto is the only word that will describe the enjoy ment of that meal.

"Any sick bables here?" the doctor asked an old palsied woman "No. thank God. I buried my last thirty

rears ago." She, poor creature, was siling. Would he, for the love of heaven, give her something for the pain in her stomach? Gindly.

A prescription is left for the toothless belpless creature and we give her some pennies to pay for a ride to the Battery Park. At the next door a babe is sitting on the floor eating from a dish the paring of cucum-

from the youngsters and demands of the stupid mother if she wants a Sunday funeral? At 60 Goerck street the doctor prescribed for a young girl, whom we find tossing about air, except that admitted through the kitchen,

ing clothes. Poor old mother! It is pitiful to see her bent almost double over the steaming clothes, for there are no chairs and the tubs rest on the floor. The room is clean and doctor's tiny patient, Albert, calmly resting tidy, the tins shine and the stove is polished, in a small coffin about the edge of which a but to day it is red but. Imagine the hard ship and discomforts of these two people lilies and maybells. If it were not for the help | when I tell you that the air was clouded with steam, the heat overpowering to us and that

soiled clothes. The girl is young, deathly pale and too weak to talk. She can eat nothing and for two weeks she has suffered intensely from "He is our only one doctor," the mother inflammation of the bowels. The doctor does says. "We did not think he could go so all he can to relieve, and car-fare is left for fast. I thought a little milk would cure the mother, who will go to Dr. Foster's office cholera morbus and I dreaded whooping for a sponge and some clean linen to put on

Mary tells us she works in a big factory where she is enabled to make corset covers room only three days ago, and then she turns at the rate of 20 cents a dozen, that nets her a monthly salary of \$16. Won't some kindhearted lady call and see the little woman? Some one who has time and a few delicacies to spare. She doesn't want charity, but an ounce of sweet wine, a pound of nourishing food, a custard or an orange for relish, a fan. suffering from cholera morbus. She lies in a or perhaps a bunch of flowers would gladden her senses, brighten her spirits, speed her does care. You can't miss her nor find a more worthy case. She lives on the ground floor and she is very sick.

In the garret of a tumbled-down two-story building we find three rooms, each the dwelling of a separate family. The filth and aged man, who pays \$2 a mouth for a bed on | misery surrounding the inmates is appalling: each woman has a paby and two or three runing lesson. The little ones are neat and abouts, and scarcely one healthy child is to be found in the group.

At first, admission is withheld, which opposition the doctor overcomes with an excursion ticket. Inquiries as to the health of the children are derided. A woman tells us: We don't go to no church and don't want to

listen to no preaching, male or female.' "Will this slip fit your baby?" I asked We measured. Too small. She is interested send a child out for some beef with which to at once, and in tears when a little lot of clothes is handed to her. Then she confides to the doctor her own ailments and he treats mother and child. He gives directions for her diet, as well as the baby's, tells her what below a mother and grandmother, in un- to do for the "hives" that cover the child's womanly rags, are bending over a child of body, and before he is through with her case. the other women are impatient for his atten

We dress the other two babies and promise o call again with clothes and shoes for the three-year-olds, and as we go down the crazy stairs the women and children follow us dumb with amazement, for "no one has ever

helped us before like this,' At 105 Goerck we find Martha, a nine-yearold girl, with a skin like marble and a pair of gray eyes of marvellous beauty. She has a compound fracture of the knee that partially cripples her, and all day long she sits in the hall at the head of the stairs and knits ravellines about pins stuck in an empty spool. An order is made out and given to the mother for some pretty dresses and a pair of shoes. A dozen odd children, all suffering from diarrhoal diseases, are separately prescribed for, and we go home with empty bags and (I'm ashamed to say it) tight hearts, for the consciousness of having done even a little to make the wretched smile is a wonderful buoy to the human heart.

The Death Rate. There were 129 deaths yesterday, seventyfour of them being infants under five years

old. The causes were: Diphtheria.....

Other diseases.... No End of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Humorous Page.

Shaved in Six Minutes. (From the Somereille Journal.)
Cuttershave? Rasp! Seafoam er wat' B-r-r-r! Bayrum er powder? Wee-High er low? Shine? Brush! Goo' by. Wee-e-e!

Sweet Forgetfuiness. "What do you think of Miss Flyrte, Mr. Smallcash?" asked the landlady innocently, and Mr. Smallcash replied:
"I am trying not to remember."

Vigor and Vitality Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Narsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is

toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidners and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparills. "I was all run down and untit for business. I was in duced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all. " D. W. BHATE, 4 Martin street,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 BOSES ONE BOLLAR

An Interesting Letter About Midsummer New York.

Some Characteristic Sketches of Metropolitan Life.

An Actress and the Lace that Hid a Bullet's Furrow.

Scenes on the Road Now that Fashion Is in the Country.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. New York, July 20,-The city may have lost some of its interesting women through fashionable Summer absenteeism, but there remains plenty of femininity worth writing about. For bers. The doctor wants to swear, but he instance, residing on Fifth avenue, the sole ocdoesn't ; he grabs the first course of cholera cupant of a most valuable piece of corner property, is a woman whose name never appears in the chronicles of society's doings. Yet she is a person of distinction in the quarter of the town in which she lives. Stately structures rear their ofty walls on every hand, but the residence of this particular Fifth avenue woman is not stately. Its location is a little above One Hundredth street. Pausing in front of it one day, I said to a small, red-headed girl:

"Who lives in this shanty, sissy ?" The child looked up with amazement at my gnorance of the town and answered: "Why, it's the Widdy Phelan, and she keeps

a hundred ducks, she does," SUMMER DIALOGUE. Here is another Summer bit of actual dialogue: "So you've got a little sister at your touse," said a maid of eight or ten years to another of about her own age, in Bryant Park the

"What are you going to name them?" "I'd like to name one of them Isabella, after amma. "Why don't you name them Arabella?"

"Yes, and she's twins," was the reply,

"Name them Arabella?" "Yes, sin't Arabella the plural of Isabella" In an east side elevated train the other aftericon, going uptown, was a pink-cheeked German girl, accompanied by two young fellows of her own nationality. She was a picture of innocence. Her companions were talking to her in the German tongue and, from their gestures, seemed to be pointing out objects of interest in view from the car windows and telling her about them. She listened, smiled, nodded assent now and then, and I said to myself that here was a girl just from the Fatherland, whose blue eyes were taking in with wonder the sights of this great city of the New World as pointed out to her by perhaps her consins, who had combefore she came. Then there was a bull in the talk of the young men, and clear and strong rose

the voice of the girl as she said: "Well, my Lawd! if he thinks they's any flies on me he'll just find I'm onto his curves, and you

kin bet yer sweet life on it. " THE GREAT AND ONLY EAST SIDE I came across something the other day that vell illustrates the cosmopolitan character of the great and only east side. It was in lower scond avenue. In one end of a double-ender baby-wagon was a red-headed infant with darkbrown eyes. In the other end lay a babe with liquid blue eyes and flaxen hair.

'Not a very good match for twins," I said to the fourteen-year-old girl who was propelling them. "They ain't twins," said the girl. wan wid the red head belongs to Mrs. Carney beyant, and the other is Mrs. Lochmuller's, the

and they hire me together to take care of the Just then the infants began to kick and howl. and the girl addressed her remarks to each in

street down. They bought the wagon together

turn, thus;
'' Howld yer tongue, ye red-headed spalpeen. or I'll bate the life out of yez; and you, Dutchy, nicht so machen, or you'll kick the sides the kinterwagen ower."

Up among the sparkling lights of a theatre oof-garden one night this week I witnessed an occurrence which called up a memory of a few back, when the actors of the little scene were the talk of the town as lovers. An actress whose name is known the country over, and whose beauty was once considered peerless, sat with some men and women companions at table, sipping a lemonade and gazing languidly at the dense crowd which surrounded her Around her throat was twined a light veil of lace. I happened to know that underneath that veil was a twisted scar. It was the mark of a

The Hungarian band was playing one of its weird melodies, the moon was throwing its silver light across this woman's face, and I sat there watching that face, fascinated by the history that I knew it was a beautiful mask of. Suddealy I saw that the pallor of death spread over the woman's features, her lips began to tremble her eyes stared in horror at something behind me, and her whole form shrank as though she expected death that instant to descend upon her. I glanced over my shoulder and saw standing a few feet away a tall man of not more than forty, with pure white hair and a dark mustache. By the hand he held a little girl of about twelve years of age, whose eyes bore a remarks ble resemblance to those of the beautiful actress

I had been watching. As I turned I saw that his dark eyes were fixed almly and disdainfully upon the actress, and then I saw him pass on, and heard him answer some question that the child put to him about the band. The actress remained white and trembling for some moments, and then she rejuested her companions to go away with her. That white-haired man must have remembered the night when he shot at the woman, hoping to kill her. There was no doubt whatever but that she remembered it, and as she walked Away I wondered if she realized what a creature she had made of herself, and if she did not regret that her child would never be permitted to know

her as her mother. If you don't believe midsummer New York is a different New York from midwinter New York take a drive through the Park and up the road and see. It is a swirl of swell turnouts in the season. There is a pretty clink from silverplated be-chained harness, and a glitter of color along the line. But there's very little of all that now. A buxom chocolate tinted lady has that department almost to herself. She nearly fills her rickety buggy. The surplus accommodates a meck little yellow man, who is probably her hus band. Dinah is'a great whip. Her feet are pushed firmly against the dashboard, her light tan gloves are unbuttoned to give her a good grip, her hat is a little one side, but it has ribbons gay enough to make up for that, and her directoire coat flaps from her brown and shiny throat in great shape. Oh! these people must have their show some time, and this is the time. A carryall bumps against you, with mamma and paps in front and Johnnie, growing too

big for mamma's knee, asleep with his head

about mamma's wrist, but mamma doesn't care whether the turnout looks like a millinery shop or not. Tom has faced about and sits surreptitionally hanging his heels over the back of the wagon. Auntie Kate being too busy keeping Susie and Mamie from falling into the bottom of the wagon to notice him. Papa's knees are high in the air, because he has his feet on the lunch basket. His vest is open and he says, "Gullang," to the old horse—not because he thinks the old horse will gullang, but just to keep the flies off.

POPULAR HANSOMS. There is a sprinkling of low-neck two-wheelers, but the hausoms are popular all the year round. The young things take a real outing this time of year, and a hansom is so nice. She stares right out over the apron, and so do he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once twice yourself you wouldn't know they had hold of hands at all. She wears a white bar muslir dress, cut Mother Hubbard fashion, Around her want is, besides his arm, a cream-colored ribbon. Her hands are incased in his and a pair of yellow silk mitts. About her necklis a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two-wheelers and love! Now and then you catch the clink of a chain.

You see, madam and the daughters and the college son are all at Saratoga, and the old man stays at home, not because he has to, but because he hates it less than he hates Saratoga. He is one of those wretched old duffers who have spent the best years of their life getting control of a bank or a brewery, or a boom of some sort. He is sitting back in a corner of his swell landau now and wondering what he did it for. He has a fine old face, a heavy gray mustache, bushy eyebrows and gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He is dressed carefully and his face is absolutely empty of interest in anything. He can't even work any more. Because he has so much money all motive is gone. His wife? Oh, well, he loved his wife long ago, and he bows to her now when he meets her in the hallway of his house, and they have never had a quarrel. Children 7 Cors. Clara, Maude, Bertram. They used to be pretty and were fond of him when they were babies. Then boarding school, college, balls, parties and-checks, checks, checks. Now he hardly knows which is Cora and which is Maude. Bertram ? The old man's brows meet in a heavy scowl. That's Bertram in the English dog-cart, and that's little Angele with im. Oh, there are lots of such old men scowling in corners of their turnouts to be seen on the road just now. Lots of Bertrams, too. Bertrams runs down from Saratoga to have a look at Angele. Mamma and the girls keep him pretty close at Saratoga, and a young fellow must have his fling. He is having his fling now. Angele is flinging him, Sometimes it is the old man who has Angele. He is rather a gay old chap this time. He is at home "slaving." In the season he shows himself regularly every afternoon with his estimable wife and his charming daughters. Now he has his encumbrances off to Newport and he is doing the swell with Angele. Nobody knows. The mounted police may tip each other a wink but it goes no further. It will if Angele can manage it, though,

THE ALL-THE-YEAR-BOUNDER. Old Sport is on the road all the year round. He is florid of face, wears a red necktie and a linen duster. He fills his buggy closely and drives his span with a relish. He may take spurts to Long Branch for the races, but he knows better than to abandon town during the summer. Ambitious young doctors, who avoid the road during the season, being sensitive about social position, take a turn there now, They drive a steady bay and their rig is a little shabby. Pete, the colored boy who holds the horse while the doctor pays a visit, sits beside the doctor now and holds the medicine case. The young doctor is pale and a bit thin. He has a drab-colored beard and his eyes are rather drab, too. He think maybe he may see Miss Prue. He told her last week she might venture a short drive. He hopes he won't see her, but, dear me, he would like to very much. There she is! No, no, Pete; we have gone far enough, and he turns around short. Miss Prue is in a little basket phaeton and Aunt Emery drives. Miss Prue is pretty and pale-faced. She came up from the country a few weeks ago to visit Aunt Emery, and she fell ill, poor child. The doctor has said she couldn't be moved back to the country, so Aunt Emery is staying in town. Neither Aunt Emery nor Miss Prue suspect that the doctor knows his own constitution could not stand Miss Prue's

Mr. Butcher and Mr. Milkman are on the road Mr. Butcher rides in his about alanges Wil legs are short and he sits with his knees wide apart to accommodate his hearty dinner. The reins lie idly over his bony horse's back and the buggy groans at every step the bony horse takes, but Mr. Butcher feels himself real swell. Here and there is a children's low rig. People who have their home up the road, you know, and live there during the Summer, coming to town for the Winter. The governess goes out with the children every day in the Summer. She is a little bit big for the pony carriage and she feels it. So does the pony. But Nellie and Scratch sit in front, self-possessed little millionaires as they are, and wish there were more people to notice them. Even the Bowery boys get upon the road during July. They take a four-seated rig and six of them pile in. By coming home time they are all a little merry and find the rig too small for their feet. Cully Tim and Fireton Jags indulge in cat-calls, and Square Bob offers the mounted policeman who interferes a "twofer" and a bottle of beer, and the whole crew is regarded with horror by the Park landau full of English tourists who are "doing" New York in the off season and are going to write a book about America when they get back. There is another style of left-over-from-the-season lan dau get up.

OLD FOLKS THIS TIME.

Two old people this time. The horses are fine. the rig faultiess, teoachman and footman in great form. The old people take their solitary drive every afternoon and they never leave the city. Sons and daughters are grown up, married, estranged from the old folks, and the old folks are living their quiet, stranded lives, feeling a little lonely as they age, in the fine big house on Fifth avenue and in the swell rig on the road. Money does not make happiness, but dear me, it needn't mar it, either. You make up your mind to that in a minute when you get a look at the pony carriage in sight. Pretty mamma must have a country-house up the road. too. My, but she's pretty! She wears a pink percale with a bit of lace falling away from a warmly sunbrowned throat. Her hair is twisted closely under a round hat. The hat is a dainty delight of pink roses and cream lace. The face under it is a dainty delight of pink and cream, too. Bobby and Phil are on either wide of the little mother. Their round little, sound little limbs lightly tucked into white linen suits, sailor hats on the back of their curltangled heads, and their lusty young throats bare at the sailor collar. Bobby and Phil and the little mother are all laughing, and the tancolored ponies prance a little as mamma has to pull at the tan-colored ribbons, and tancolored Joe sits behind in his tan-colored suit and top boots, and by buttons and bearing proclaims the party as swell as swell goes. Copyright, 1889.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read" Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Softening It Down. (From Puck.)
Reporter—What shall I say about old man

hanging out of the wagon over mamma's arm In the back seat are Susie, Tom, Mamie and Mulligrubs? He kicked me downstairs, Auntie Kate. Susie and Mamie are bare-headed Editor-Oh, just say that he declined, and asleep promisenously all over Auntie Kate. with much emphasis, to express any opinions whatever to-day, Their big straw hats, with Johnnies, are tied